

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

FRED HERENDEEN of Chicago, who is in New York at present, is preparing to produce a musical comedy from his own pen. It is called "My June Girl," and both book and music are by Mr. Herenden. In order that it should be the Chicago man has arranged with "The Birth of a Nation" orchestra at the Standard Theatre to play it late this afternoon. Edwin Stanley will conduct the orchestra. Mr. Herenden has talent, money and the courage of his convictions, so it might be well for little old Broadway to watch his smoke.

MISS TEMPEST DELAYED.

"Come to Bohemia," the musical piece at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, will fold up its tent and quietly steal away May 13. Marie Tempest, announced to open next Monday at the Comedy in "A Lady's Name," won't begin her New York engagement until May 15, when she will take possession of Maxine Elliott's.

NO BURNT CORK IN IT.

Harper's Bazar prints a picture of Margery Maude and states that she has been appearing with George Arliss in "Pickaninny." The announcement is at right except in one detail. The play is "Paganini."

OPERA'S NAME IS CHANGED.

The Messrs. Shubert have changed the name of their new musical piece, "The Girl From Brazil," to "The Brazilian Honeymoon." It will begin its career at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, Thursday night.

MACK HELPING THE MACKS.

Willard Mack is a busy playwright these days. And he appears to be using his talents mainly for the advancement of the Mack family. Florence Nash, whose real name is Mack, recently appeared at the Palace in a sketch by Mr. Mack. Next week Willard himself will appear there in a Mack sketch, and the following week Mrs. Mack (Marjorie Rameau) will be the headliner at the same theatre in a sketch by her husband. "Heaven help me if I ever get to writing sketches for the Mack family," said Mr. Mack last night. (Chart-Vaudeville is overrun with actors commonly known as hicks.)

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Just look at Billy Brown, poor chump! His head's outgrown his hat. He's so stuck up, 'bout half the time he don't know where he's at. He struts an' brags just like as if he was some furrin' King. He tries to make us think he's smart. He ain't no such a thing. The reason Billy's head's so swelled is Christy Matthews. You know—the baseball pitcher! Well, last Tuesday, jist in fun, he called, "Hello, there, kid!" at Bill, an' Bill, the crazy quince, become so proud he couldn't talk. He ain't been normal since. The gang don't like Bill's attitude, he'd better get some sense. Like all them stories 'bout the war, the situation's tense. If he keeps up his haughty ways 'twon't cause me no surprise to see him goin' home some night with two nice, big, black eyes.

MAY SAVE TWO LIVES.

May Thompson, dancing in "Kattika," seems to have made a long-distance hit. Jim Browne and Joe R. Baird of the Frying Pan Mining Company, Nederland, Col., have written the following note: "Dear Little Vision in White: We two lonely miners in the Tungsten Hills far away desire one of your pictures. They just seem to haunt us. Now listen, May, if you want to save a couple of lives send us that picture. Thanking you in advance, we are, 'JIM BROWNE AND JOE R. BAIRD.'"

DOINGS IN THE BRONX.

A man stepped up to the box office of the Bronx Opera House yesterday and said he wanted two tickets for the matinee Friday night. Another man—one with an account—appeared a few minutes later at the same box office and asked for a seat for his wife, Becky, for the opening performance of "Mrs. Butterfly."

TWAS EVER THUS.

Just as a crowded elevator was about to start up in the Fitzgerald

"S'MATTER, POP!"



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—Just a Lil' Domestic Argument With a Strong Finish, 'At's All!



FLOOEY AND AXEL—And We Bet Axel Wins His Bet!



THE EVENING WORLD'S

"Kiddie Klub"

CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

COUSIN ELEANOR'S "KLUB COLUMN"

I WANT to tell all my cousin kiddies who wish to join The Evening World's new Kiddie Klub something very important. Heaped upon my desk are letters from any number of kiddies who were so anxious to become members that they did not stop to read carefully what must be done in order to join and so they have made all manner of mistakes. These kiddie letters will be returned to them with full directions, but to avoid making these mistakes yourself, read the important notice printed on the upper right hand space of this "Kiddie Klub Corner." You will find that it says not to send your coupons separately, but to save them until you have all six, then forward them to Evening World Kiddie Klub, 51 Park Row, New York. We will attend to the rest and will make you a full fledged Kiddie Klub member, pin and all, immediately. Each month there will be a contest open to club members in which they can compete for five prizes of one dollar each. You will read about one, a picture contest, in to-day's Kiddie Klub.

COUSIN ELEANOR.

MAY. The Indians called May "The month of leaves," and the Swedish word for May means greenleaf. In ancient Rome floral festivals celebrated the arrival of this most beautiful month, and in the merrier days of England every man, woman and child, from the lowliest peasant to the King and Queen themselves, turned out upon the green for a gambol and frolic that very much resembled our present day May parties, even to the streamered May pole. May has always been the merriest month of all twelve.

When gathering wild flowers take a tin box in which to carry them. In this way they will keep about a week. Then, too, if you give them fresh water each morning and clip their stems just a little the pretty blooms will live twice as long. Try it and see.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"My son recently played Annie Laurie on the cornet for ten hours." "That's nothing. My cousin played 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.'"

Bumstead's Worm Syrup.

For 50 years the safe and sure remedy for worms. It never fails. One bottle cures 100. He has a large stock of all the best medicines. C. A. VOGEL, M. D., 111 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa.

SLEEPYLAND STORIES

Written Especially for THE "KIDDIE KLUB"

By Uncle Bill



The King and Tim and the Little Boy Who Looked Like Tim raced their kiddy-cars. Tim and the Little Boy Who Squealed Like a Pig.

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ONE day Tim went down the road on his kiddy-car, and he came to the lane and rode down the lane and went into the woods. He rode along on the smooth road, and whenever he came to a down-hilly place he lifted up his feet and coasted and laughed out loud. And then Tim met the King of the Woods on his kiddy-car. The King had a fine kiddy-car, painted blue and striped with gold stripes because he was a King. And he could ride very fast, but he was a polite King and he waited for Tim when they were going up hill. So they had lots of fun.

By and by they met another little boy who looked like Tim, and he was riding on his kiddy-car, and the King of the Woods said: "Come and ride with us, little boy." So the boy, who looked like Tim, came along with them. And they rode races. And when they stopped riding races to catch their breath the King of the Woods said

that he would give them bicycles when they grew up to be big boys. And Tim remembered his manners and said: "Thank you, King of the Woods. That will be fine." But the little boy who looked like Tim was a naughty little boy and he cried and squealed like a pig. "Squeee-ee-ee-ek!" The King of the Woods told him to stop, but the naughty little boy who looked like Tim only squealed louder and more like a pig than ever.

So the King clapped his hands like that—pop!—and his two big, strong men, Ben and Dick, ran out from behind a tree. And the naughty little boy squealed worse than ever. The King of the Woods said to Ben and Dick: "Take this boy who squeals like a pig and do the right thing with him." So the strong men picked up the naughty boy and put him in a crate, just like a pig going to market. They threw the crate into a wagon and drove it way back to the end of the woods down by the river. There they lifted down the crate and opened it and picked up the naughty little boy who looked like Timmy and squealed like a pig. And they put him into the pig-pen

with all the other pigs. And pretty soon the naughty boy grew bristles all over him and his feet changed into hoofs, and there he is among the pigs to this day, squealing as much as he likes. And he never saw his lovely mummy again.

THE KIDDIE KLUB'S PICTURE CONTEST

OPEN ONLY TO MEMBERS OF THE "KIDDIE KLUB." There are so many kiddies who like to draw pictures that THE EVENING WORLD wants to encourage them. So all members of the Kiddie Klub will be given a chance to show what fine young artists they are. Every month awards of one dollar each will be given to the five Kiddie Klubs who send in the best drawings, and Cousin Eleanor, who awards the dollars, will select the best drawings and have joined the Klub may enter the picture contest, but while you are saving up your coupons you may be drawing your pictures. When the pictures start coming in certain selected ones will be printed, with the young artist's name and address. A new contest will be run each month. Kiddie Klub members may enter every contest until they have won an award, but only one award will be made to each member. The contest this month will be to see which five kiddies can draw the best pictures of a make-believe Kiddie's Klubhouse. Draw your pictures the same shape as this box, but a little larger. Send them, with your name and address, to the Kiddie Klub Contest, Evening World, No. 51 Park Row, New York.

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